

### **Impressum**

Klaus Bung: Two Nigerian Nurses: The Human Face of the NHS

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### **EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION**

When Klaus Bung had to spend 48 hours waiting with a seriously ill friend in the Accident and Emergency department of a hospital in London, two Nigerian Nurses treated him and his suffering friend with what was for him "extraordinary care" but which, on reflection, turns out to be wide-spread care and compassion given by overseas nurses, for which, Klaus Bung feels, all British citizens should be grateful. That's why he did not only send the two nurses of that particular night a glowing testimonial but also decided to publish it on this website.

**Other publications (Nursing Times, local newspapers (Woolwich, London), nursing organisations, Nigerian organisations) are welcome to reprint this story or use its contents.**

**\* All names have been anonymised.**

# Klaus Bung: Two Nigerian Nurses: The Human Face of the NHS

A Testimonial

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## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I am a friend of Pilar Gato\* who, in July and August 2025, had to be admitted twice to Asclepius Hospital\* in London, in relation to her ovarian cancer, incontinence, low electrolyte values, lack of appetite, slight confusion and profound drowsiness.

On the second of these occasions, the days and nights from 31 July to 2 August, I spent 48 hours with Pilar in Accident and Emergency, waiting anxiously for Pilar to be assigned a bed in one of the regular wards and watching with profound admiration how Nigerian Nurses Yemisi Adeleke\* and Fumilayo Şeun\* were taking care of Pilar (and the other patients, but I had my eye especially on Pilar because I had been worried that things might go wrong with her welfare).

Yemisi and Fumilayo had the unpleasant duties of helping Pilar to use the commode or coax her into going, with their assistance, to the toilet to practise some independence. They gave her her complicated medication at the many prescribed times, succeeding in fishing the correct packs out of the huge plastic bag with pills which Pilar had been given (together with a multi-page discharge sheet) when she was discharged from her previous hospital (HH in central London).

When Pilar's food was delivered, which she tended to ignore (leading to loss of weight and low blood sugar values &c), they, with angelic patience coaxed her, spoon by spoon, into eating at least something. They encouraged her to drink from the water, which was in plentiful supply but which she, in her drowsiness, tended not to touch. So the list might go on.

But now comes their crowning achievement, a wonderful (perhaps typically Nigerian) show of compassion.

I was determined to hang around Pilar until she was moved to a proper ward, to help carry her bags and help her settle in. Only once she was properly and happily settled would I go home. That meant I had to spend two days and two nights waiting with Pilar in Accident and Emergency. During the first of these nights, I was in a different part of A/E, and other Nigerian (!) nurses took care of me.

During the second night I was in the area of Yemisi and Fumilayo. I did not want them to know how I was surviving and therefore closed the curtain around Pilar's bed and lay down on the floor, using my rucksack as a head pillow, a useful survival skill in which I have been trained, and something, of course, which, in many third world countries, is the best bedding that many people ever have.

After an hour or so, Yemisi and Fumilayo must have discovered me sleeping on the floor. They felt compassion, even though, me being not a patient, they were not in the slightest responsible for my well-being. So, in this overburdened hospital, they started, unbeknown to me in my sleep, scouting for a solution.

At about 3.00 a.m., I was shaken out of my sleep: "We need access," they said. I thought they were about to send me packing and moved my rucksack and face cover out of their way. Then I saw them bring in an air mattress, placed a head pillow on it, even covered it with a fresh sheet (what luxury when I was prepared to sleep on the bare floor!), made me lie down and put a couple of NHS blankets on top of me. It was all unspeakably kind!

What more can I say except PRAISE THE LORD, and Baba God go bless you welu welu and yanfu yanfu.

I hope they will send a copy of this to the Head Nurse at the Asclepius Hospital.

I wish them all the best for their future careers, and may God reward them richly for their kindness.

I must also use this opportunity to express my thanks to the innumerable nurses who come from overseas countries riddled by poverty and uncountable social problems. They are helping us, who (having the NHS, Social Service and various benefits payments) are so much better off than they, to have our illnesses cured, our wounds healed, &c. Yemisi and Fumilayo have demonstrated once again how grateful we in England must be to all of them.

Signed:  
Dr Klaus Bung (PhD, Cambridge, UK)